## Anxiety

It's diving headfirst into the ocean, fearlessly, and finding as you rise that a wave as tall as a house is only inches from your face, no time and nowhere to run, so in the blink of an eye you take the deepest possible breath, plunge once more into the sea, and remain there, waves crashing endlessly above your head, and slowly but surely that deepest possible breath is not enough and so you fight with all your fleeting might against the foam in hopes of reaching the surface before your one breath of air runs out.

## You in Place of Me

How nice it would be, I used to think, to take sip by sip of rum and down some pills, to go to sleep one night and not wake up. How good it would be, I used to think, to just be done with it all. But then I stopped to put your name in place of mine, and I was hit with waves of fear and loss. And so I chose a life of pain and long, sad days so I could get to be with you a while. I locked the pills up in a box on the top shelf and hid my keys and tried to shut my brain off. But still, it comes.

## Well

An exclamation, used to express a range of emotions, from surprise to anger to resignation, to mark the end of a conversation, as in "well, I guess I'll let you go then," to express reluctant agreement, as in "well, I guess we can," to anticipate an answer or explanation as in, "well? What do you have to say for yourself?"

Also, a verb: To rise to the surface and spill, or be about to spill, as in the tears in my eyes when he says "well, I guess I'll let you go then." For emotions to rise and become more intense, as in the jealousy that wells up inside when I see him with anybody else.

As an adjective, meaning in a satisfactory state or in good health, as in how I say "I'm well" when he asks me how I've been but we both know it's a lie, he's well enough aware that I've never been well as long as he's known me.

As an adverb, very probably, in all likelihood, as in well, this may well be the beginning of the end.

## Ambedo

Gazing up at the clouds or the stars, I ponder all that is and could be love, death, the lives of people in passing cars, gazing up.

A year from now, or maybe three, He and I, lying hand in hand, gazing up at Mars, discussing all that is and could be.

Someday, a child will be ours and she will ask us about all that is and can be love, death, and the lives of people in passing cars, gazing up. To Kaine, with Love

When we first met, I was but a bud and you the rising sun.

You soon became the drops of rain, the beams of light that helped me grow.

Now I stand, a sunflower, tall and proud, with golden petals and a strong stem all my own.

Or am I a rose? Pretty, pink, and delicate with thorns that cut like knives.

No matter what I am, you will forever be the earth which keeps me grounded, the sun which lets me live.